My Generall will forget my loue and ſeruice.
Deſ. Doe not doubt that, before *Emilia* here,
I giue thee warrant of thy place: aſſure thee,
If I doe vow a friendſhip, Ile performe it,
To the laſt Article: my Lord ſhall neuer reſt,
Ile watch him tame, and talke him out of patience;
His bed ſhall ſeeme a ſchoole, his boord a ſhrift,
Ile intermingle euery thing he does,
With *Caſsio's* ſuite; therefore be merry *Caſsio*;
For thy ſoliciter ſhall rather die,
Then giue thy cauſe away.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Gentlemen.*
Em. Madam, here comes my Lord.
Caſ. Madam, ile take my leaue.
Deſ. Nay ſtay, and heare me ſpeake.
Caſ. Madam not now, I am very ill at eaſe,
Vnfit for mine owne purpoſe.
Deſ. Well, doe your diſcretion. *Exit* Caſsio.
Iag. Ha, I like not that.
Oth. What doſt thou ſay?
Iag. Nothing my Lord, or if,—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that *Caſsio* parted from my wife?
Iag. *Caſsio* my Lord?—no ſure, I cannot thinke it,
That he would ſteale away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you comming.
Oth. I doe beleeue twas he.
Deſ. How now my Lord,
I haue been talking with a ſuiter here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who i'it you meane?
Deſ. Why your Leiutenant *Caſsio*, good my Lord,
If I haue any grace or power to moue you,
His preſent reconciliation take:
For if he be not one that truely loues you,
That erres in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I haue no iudgement in an honeſt face,
I prethee call him backe.

Oth.

Oth. Went he hence now?
Deſ. Yes faith, ſo humbled,
That he has left part of his griefes with me,
To ſuffer with him; good Loue call him backe.
Ot. Not now ſweet *Deſdemon*, ſome other time.
Deſ. But ſhal't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner ſweet for you.
Deſ. Shal't be to night at ſupper?
Oth. No, not to night.
Deſ. To morrow dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home,
I meet the Captaines at the Citadell.
Deſ. Why then to morrow night, or tueſday morne,
On tueſday morne, or night, or wedneſday morne,
I prethee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three dayes: ifaith hee's penitent.
And yet his treſpaſſe, in our common reaſon,
(Saue that they ſay, the warres muſt make examples,
Out of her beſt) is not almoſt a fault,
To incurre a priuate checke: when ſhall he come?
Tell me *Othello:* I wonder in my ſoule,
What you could aske me, that I ſhould deny?
Or ſtand ſo mam'ring on? What *Michael Caſsio?*
That came a wooing with you, and ſo many a time
When I haue ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly,
Hath tane your part, to haue ſo much to doe
To bring him in? Truſt me, I could doe much,—
Oth. Prethee no more, let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.
Deſ. Why this is not a boone,
Tis as I ſhould intreat you weare your gloues:
Or feed on nouriſhing diſhes, or keep you warme,
Or ſue to you, to doe a peculiar profit
To your owne perſon: nay, when I haue a ſuite,
Wherein I meane to touch your loue indeed,
It ſhall be full of poiſe and difficult weight,
And fearefull to be granted.
Oth. I will deny thee nothing,